

0 have been things happen in this world without trappened it would be well worth try ing. Or the book might be launched without a name and declare itself only if the reviews we're favorable 3 250 strange that n body has cut the thing save the south? cool and boldly tejected them also gether. There is, of course, most

friend." of course, most maple and good precedent for taking retage in the same of the hero or heroine, indeed the practice is so believed by great writers that it seems presumptuous to suggest that it is, after all, rather a starking of the difficulty. For a no re name tells inthe sunless it be a well-known name like Jack Shopherd or Captain Kadd) and invites the reader to a leap in the dark. Our prede-cessors were more candid; to them the title was a menu. Here is a line our. "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. In a Series of Fa-miliar Letters from a Benatiful Young Daniel to her Parents and alterwards in her Exalted Candidon, between Her and Persons of Figure and Quality upon the Most Important and Emertaining Subjects in Genter Life, in Four Volumes, Published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of Bothsexes." (Verseyen after this claborate bill of fare it is possible to be surprised at

some things which you find in Pameiah.

An ideal fifth should tell you something and make you want to know more. It is an undeel writer if it bottles and conserves the fragrance and flavor of the whole book, and is in itself an epitome of both the letter and spirit of the story. of both the letter and spirit of the story. In this last respect especially a high place should be accorded to Mr. Gilbert Parker's last title. When Valmond came to Postinc. It tells something, declaring a significance in Valmond's coming, an influence of him on Pontine or vice versa, a bond of fate that united them in some strange fortupe. It makes you want to know much more—who was Valmoni, where Faman, why came he and whence, to what and with what issue, what was Pontage to film or he to Pontage? All these estions were set stirring in my brain But above all this title has the same spirit. celighted story freelf. This remainte air is a worderful thing, not easy to catch. You may lavish keess and not come near it, you may wallow in bloodshed and be far as the poles from it. Here it is, adight (to my thinking) in a few

"Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry; For wide I muse, the tance points stant-

Athwart the morning air: some lady sweet, Who can not feel for cold her tender feet. From the worn top of some old battlement, Buils it with tears, her stout defender sent; And from her own pure self no joy dis-

milding, month ber ample robe with happy Some people, however, consider that all this is terribly vieux jes, and I therefore hasten to add that "When Valmond came to-Pontine" possesses an entirely new theme and is seen to theme, and is even in a certain way connected with heredity. (There, I suppose ave alternated a lot of other people by that increase word. But I don't mean "Resen." For it tells of a struggle between the blood that is born in Valmond and tells him one thing, and what seems his own certain knowledge that tells bim another. The blood will not be persuaded, and it, not the knowledge, wins the day and shapes Valmond sacts. Now that is not vieux jeuof course somebody has done in Well, well, somebody will do it afterwards also; we must make and establish a modus vivendi with the dead



I have made these remarks partly be cause I wanted to air my views and do not get toomany remaning spirit to a fetter chim Thuversceived seems, expected domens filled with Dierary gosadmits il don't ace

part, consider that the rossip is "literary."
I dameny it isn't, Literary is, I suppose,
the adjective that belongs to the noun connected when I needs pure conversally out that one book is "literature" and notifier not literature." I have know that the performan means. I should like Socrates and make him explain terms. I would refuse most suafter him to take refore behind his tak about "indescribable but utamistakable touches," and so forth. Such exasions are worthy only of a story-teller who, finding history. If briable to describe his become's stells you that they are indescriblike, indefinable, nameless, and so on, at althe, indefinable, nameriess, and so on, and hilthely goes on his way, conceiving that he has fulfilled the whole duty of an author. But my correspondent is not of this kidney; he knows very well what he means by "in-orary goesly;" be means goesty about in-erary people, and by literary people he means people who write books. If this be means people who write books is the property really what he wants, nothing is than to oblige him. Here's a paragraph or two founded on as good authority, I ven-ture to say, as many that appear in contem-

"Mr. Fly, the novelist, is a very tall man, finchesed. I caught a gimpse of him at a party the other night as primpse of him at a party the other night as he was drinking a glass of tonsished waster this institual hestering the section of the country. Not hir Fip is seidon to be seen in London, preferring the section of the country, we hear that he has leased Chatsworth for a term of three months, and it is whispered that the rent figures out at £2,000 a month. After this we should hear no more of the wose of authors. Mr. Fip's right leg is as nearly as possible the annual pormal cordilion, hearing will be destroyed normal cordilion, hearing will be destroyed. aris that cluster over a low 12,000 a month. After this we should hear no facte of the wors of authors. Mr. Fiy's right leg is as nearly as possible the same ough as his left. Mr. Fly has left Eng-Fly and his charming children. He will fine ring August at Florence, having taken a short lease of the PRIU Palace in that town. He is hard at work on a sa-turient novel of modern society, in which asveral personages well known in the West End figure under the thinnest of disguises.

Among all the | Is it not time that our novelists abandoned

personalities? If Mr. Fly's only object is to make 2500,000 a year (we believe that he has recensary stated his income at this amounts no doubt he succeeds, but he should remember the dignity of his art. Mr. Fly weens a strawhaton histraves."

I have other items of intelligence on the same subject, but perhaps these samples will satisfy my correspondent for the present. He can rely on their accuracy. No particulars ever appear concerning authors which are not supplied by those gentlemen themselves; I was informed of this in a grave paragraph which appeared in a journal that I know, esteem and read; and there was nover the ficker of a smile in writer's pen. Indeed, it is wonderful how journalists believe one another! without a name and d'chare iiself only if the recie was we're favorable might in fact, adopt the course now followed by "a a en ym ous authors." Yet now this at all or at any time wealid be the best, for itles are most troubles some, and it is strange that no strange th journalists believe one another! other people should imitate them in every

> POINTING A MORAL. Some people are



at using every occasion to inculcate a moral lesson. I was passing through Traffalgar Square the other day when I met, at the same moment, a man who had had the misfortune to lose he passed me the small boy cried piteously, "Ma, piteously, "Ma, my nose does itch sol" Without a moment's hesitaindy pointed her para-

sol at the unfortunate person whom I have mentioned and said sweetly, "Teddy, darmentioned and said sweets, recor, and ling, that poor man would be very glad if he had a nose to itch." All I did was and, that poor hall would be very glad if he had a noise to itch." All I did was to ask her name and address and forward them on a postcard to the editor of the Spectator. But after performing this obvious duty, I fell to meditating on the high standard of morality that is expected of children. When a "grown-up" person declares he has "such a head" no stern moralist bids him be thankful that he has a head to be "such;" perhaps it is merely that there is no guillotine to point the moral. Anybow, chindren are constantly being told (poor dears) that this thing or that is an occasion for thankfulness, when it must seem to them to be precisely the reverse. I speak as a fool on these matters (and, in order to make others) that the profession bet I do not on the such as a fool on these matters (and, in order to make others) there is no reder to make others bet I do not not others. anticipate criticism, let me add on a good many others), but I do not believe in obtaining morality on children to any great extent.

Morality is mixed up with death and

Morality is mixed up with death and sorrow and all sorts of things of that kind. Sarely it and they might be ignored for a few years. And then children have a fine natural inste for straightforward wickedness; conscience doft not make cowners of them, and they break window-panes with an acute and most enjoyable consciousness of crine. Every parent should invest in a few window-panes; they cost a trifle at the moment, but he will be repaid 500 per cent later on, when he finds a friend in his son and no dark memories of past ansterity to stand dark memories of past ansterity to stand between them. As for daughters—but I do not suppose that anybody could be austere to daughters. At least, I can't. PLEASURE.

Sir James

Stephen, father

of the late Sir

James Fitziames

and because it

other. This fact

is stated in Mr.

most interesting

life of his brother

cigar celi-

was so delicious



cious (for to most me facius ali at once) the attitude of mird here indicated is a good example of the sectic point of view. Piensure is an open enemy or a false friend, always seeking to attain dominion over us and to turn us to shaves. We must resist its very beginnings, and the "thin edge of the wedge" ginrings, and the "thin edge of the wedge" plays as large a part in such matters as it has since the world began in political discussions. In the same book a story is told of an Iedian fakir who spent twenty years wandering from shrine to shrine, and during that time never lay down, but slept with his arms supported in loops of ropes. At the end of the twenty years he falled to obtain some token of divine favor that he expected, and, concerning that he had Inted in some point of obligation, strided off on a second round of equal duration. One a second round of equal duration. One can only hope that the poor man died before he had gone very far. But a bed would have been too delicious, so he never used ore. There is certainly not now and probably seldom has been much need to decounce the votaries of discom-fort. If their ideas be a disease, the dis-ease is not very common. When I asked my friend Mr. Gladboy's opicion on the subject, he observed, after a long panse: "A wise man dock not care about what he drinks. He does, however, drink what be cares about," and he declined entirely to be drawn into any discussion as to how much of what he cares about the wise man dricks. I suppose the answer would be as much as a wise man would driak. Mr. Gladboy, although he refused to talk, rose and took Epictetus from the bookcase in order to show me the fol-lowing passage: "In banquets remember that you control two lowing passage: "In banquets remember that you entertain two guests, body and at you entertain two shall have given to the body you soon eject, but what you shall have given to the soul you keep always." It is very true sir," I cried. "My attention to the dinner is in an inverse

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach normal cordition, hearing will be desire forever. Nine cases out of ten are ca lorever. Name cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-fiamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one hondred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cared by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Bold by druggists, 75

ratio to the attractiveness of my partner."
"I do not imagine," said he, "that Epic-tetus means anything of the kind." How-ever, a thing may be true, even though tus did not happen to mean it-no that I ventured to say so to Mr. Gladboy



ten, "Have you tried Trouncer's Horsewhips They are invalu able to Hus-bands," when a young man of

I was sitting

the other day on a tree-trunk in

a pretty country

meadow, pen

sively regarding

a large board on

which was writ-

respectable but meiaecholy ap-pearance ap-"Straightforward wickedness. proached me and took a seat by my side.

"Do you take an interest in the science of advertisement, sir?" he asked cour-

"A most sympathetic interest," I auswered

"It is as yet, sir, in its infancy," he answered me, "Need I remind you that the most universally engrossing subject in the world is as yet untouched by it?"
"Do you mean the income tax?" I asked.
"No, sir, I mean love."
"Yes," said I, "I have seen advertisements for missing lovers."

ments for missing lovers."

"That's not what I meant," be said, with some show of annoyance. "It is a new field which I am seeking to open. May I beg you, sir, just to cast your eye over there. I don't ask you for an order, but just cast your eye over them."

I took from him a large number of slips of paper which he produced from his packet. They were covered with every elaborate and ormaneural writing rich in control to the control of t

ornamental writing-rich in capital letters and magnificent twirls. They all appeared to relate to something that was called "Gloriana Limited," but whether Gloriana Limited were a lady or a number of ladies or a purely business concern or what, I could not make out very clegarly. Some of the slips were short, sithough well calcuof the stips were short, although well calcu-lated to catch the eye; others were longer and in the form of testimonials. "Now you perceive, sir," said my friend, "the unrivaled opening which there is for an entirely new development. It is my task to make Gioriana Limited Jamous

throughout the world, and I'm going to

He was so eager that I had no choice but to read the slips. The first man, "Good morning, I expect Gioriana down every moment." The next was "How's Gloriana?

As Beautiful as ever, thank you." Another said. "You can't see Glorjaria, but you can see Glorianaa." Then I found a very large slip, bearing the following, all in capital letters: "Dukes, Marquises, Earis, Viscounts, Barons are after Gloriana." And again; "Gioriana is highly esteemed by Her Majesly the Queen and is to be met at the Royal Table every day." (I was compelled to doubt this.). Then I read Mr. G.—'s opinion of Gloriana. (I doubted the authenticity of that also.) Then came "See Naples and die! What? Not till I've seen Gloriana!" "You should now study the testimonials," observed my friend. "They are, I assure you, all perfectly genuine." So I turned to the testimonials; they were

all addressed to "Gloriana Limited, Love Building, Cupid Street Bow" Here are two or three of them: "Dear Madam, until I met you I was a happy and cont is a desert and I write somets an day long.

Yours devotedly, Amoroso Signer."
"Dear Madam, my boy is a changed being since he saw your face. We are senting him to South Africa, but hardly hope for a cure."
"Lady Goosander begs to inform Glorians." Limited that all letters addressed to Sir George Goosander are opened by Lady

"Dear Madam, My heart beatsmore freely and rapidly than it has for years past. Please send me another Glance—behind my wife's back. Yours ardently, George Goos

I laid down the testimonials and looked at my companion,
"They are very remarkable documents,"
I remarked,

You may well say that, sir," he an swered proudly. "I do not suppose that there is another firm that can boast of "Ab" I cried, "Then Gloriana is a

'Firm!" he interrupted passionately, "She is cruel, she is barbarous" and with this he took a pencil out of his pocket and began to scribble on blank slips. I took began to scribble on blank sips. I box the liberty of looking over his shoulder and read: "No breakfast table is complete without Gloriana." "Ask for Gloriana and take no other." "Beware of imita-tions. There is only one Gioriana." And he went on writing in this sort of way so rapidly that I could not keep up with him.
At this moment a middle-aged man of sour countenance sauntered up and addressed him:
"Done any good ones to-day?"

"Splendid" cried the enthusiast, holding out his bundle of slips.

"Ab, well then, you may as well come home to tea."
"Tes!" he cried with a wild gleam in
his eye. And he shouted, "Where do you
take tea? I take mine with Gloriana!" And then he fell forward in a sort of col-lapse, marmaring feebly, "Gloriana is the best! I shan't be happ "fill I get ber." "Yes, sit, it's a said case," "o'd the middle-aged man. "Until a love affair upset him he was the most enterprising advertise-ment agent out. If he dispressions tables. sent agent out. If he'd tioned lead bullet and called 'em green peas he'd have made the public buy 'en, that man would?' And in mingled pride and grief he picked up his charge and marched him off. I went home extremely thoughtful.



We pretend that we are indifferent to what is said about us. we are not. We pretend that society bores us; it does not. We pretend that we have a very low selves; we have not. We pretend

"WORTH TRYING." not to mind what WORTH TRYING." not to mind what the servants think about us; we do mind. We pretend to be indifferent about our appearance; we are not. We pretend to be poorer than we are, worse than we should like to be, more stupid than we think we are. We pretend that others have virtues which we do not discarring these withinks. are. We prefend that others have virtues which we do not discern in them, gits with which we are of opinion that they have not been endowed, and a liking for ourseives of which they are guiltiess. Owing to this systematized humbug the world is a tolerably pleasant place to live in. For a man with an arowedly good opinion of himself, or one who displays anxiety as to the impression he is making, or who openly outrages the waiter's feelings, or who tells outtages the water's feelings, or who eless you the exact figure of his income or ex-plains the power of hismand, may be sincere. but is an outrageous person. He might us well go about without trousers because he happens to have a good leg. These pre-tences afethers arments, claim which we can with propriety take our place in the human show room. By all means let us wear them and take them off only when we are alone. No doubt some people sleep in them and they, being never removed, as it were, grow to the skin and become a monstrous epifermis that smothers the real man till be can no longer see what ma ian he is. This is humbug in the soul an the worst disease that canarine a mortal be-ing—far different from the graceful de-preciation of ourselves, the courteons and moderate over appreciation of others, and the smiling tolerance of what comes, that, happily blended, make good and quiet the worst disease that canafflict a m mers.

Many daties are inid down for us that are very hard to perform; for example it is very hard to be good. But it is by no means difficult to be disagreeable. That is a duty—if it be allowed to be a duty—fataliy easy to perform. Yet surely fataliy easy to perform. some are disagreeable from a sense of duty; no merely natural propensity could account for this profound unpleasantness. There are many perfectly legitimate motives for being disagreeable; you have your tragedy to write and want to be undis-turbed; you came to talk to A and B won't go; C has said something about you and you are minded to give him "one for him-self;" D had trod on your corn-well then if his foot should chance to come in your way-! All these reasons deserve respect;

the one intorable thing is a person who is disagreeable from a sense of duty. The attitude is altogether too arrogant for humanity. The old philosopher says that one that can live entirely alone is more or less than human—he is a god or a beast The person who is disagreeable on principle is nearly in the same case; but I never think him a god. Let us put on our clothes before we walk abroad and wear them as garcefully as we cauthey soon become like well fitting boot; which makes your foot look well, while you do not so n remember that you have it on.



"A love affair upset him." Idently,
"And even there it's dying out.
"Indeed, my dear," said Mr. Gladboy.
"Of course it's wrong," pursued Lady Amy, with a sigh. "But one would see a great deal less of one's husband 'Impossible," murmured Mr. Giadboy.

A WOMAN POTTER.

Mrs. Frackelton Has Gained Wealth in Her Unique Profession.

In Mrs. S. Stuart Frackelton is revealed a beautiful and womanly woman, a talented artist, and the first of her sex in America to become a potter. The ancient art of pottery, or modeling in clay, has always been esteemed in foreign lands as one of th most valuable branches of artistic industry. but in America: Mrs. Frackelton was on of its pioneer devolees. Step by step she has advanced, self-taught from lack of all opportunity on this side the Atlantic to learn her chosen pursuit, until now she



Mrs. S. S. Frackelton.

stands as highest authority on the subject, both abroad and in her native land. Her book, "Tried by Pire," a volume dealing with ceramic art, has been accepted as a text-book at the South Kensington Art Museum, and the "thanks of the lords of the committee of council of education have been conveyed to the author.

Mrs. Frackelton began her labors with grinding her clay in a coffee mill and rolling it out with her pastry roller. She is now the head of a large manufacturing business, which turns out all sorts of "American" olors and appliances for the art. Here home talent is encouraged on every side and her own sex is given every benefit. In the counting-room, store, artroom, studie, and workrooms teachers and students are all women, and they have even taken the place of kilomen when necessary. This distinguished art worker has been

the recipient of dipiemas, medals and prizes galore, and although she is one of the few of her profession who has never set foot on any continent but her own, she is being equatantly honored by substantial recog nition from other countries for every stage of her art, from the clay to the firing, in a kiln of her own invention, which is in use in Europe as well as here. She is the only American who has received a foreign medal for ceramic art. She has declined an offer from the Mexican government of a place at the head of a national school of ceramic decoration. At the Antwerp Exposition, last season, she was medaled for her American gold, bronzes and colors, as well as her china painting. Eight awards were her share at the World's Fair, be the gold medal for the "Frackelton Jar," a notable bit of pottery designated as the "best art sult-glaze produced to date in this country," and which had the honor of being the first article sold in the Women's

But her latest discovery is the use of vater colors on china, something unique of its kind, and with which she is going

to introduce many novel effects. Born in Milwankee, which is still her home, Mrs. Frackelton is of old New York and New England stock, with a strain of Quaker blood, and she is American to the sackbone. She is intensely patriotic, and her Henage stretches back to Colonial and Revoluntionary times.

She has a charming home in her native city, but she travels occasionally, and last winter she passed in New York city, where ber studio on Fifth avenue was the gather ing place of many notables in art circles is pre-eminently feminine in her tastes and ways, conscientious and devoted in he domestic life, a warm friend and a helpful

Of late she has devoted her time and energies to the formation of clubs and classe all over the Union, to further the knowledge and practical work of pottery. She looks forward to the gradual development of a national school of mineral painting, and she has journeyed from Maine to California preaching her gospel of beauty.

STRANGE SUICIDES

A Paris Shoemaker's Extraordinary Reason for Self-destruction.

A Paris working sheemaker, named Chapeau, committed suicide on July 23 for an extraordinary geason. He was found dead in his room sargocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove, On the table was found a letter, in which he said: "For ten years past I have been saying up to buy a really pretty china table service, which has cost me 115 francs. I had promised to inaugarate it by a dinner to my numerous friends in the neighborhood, but as I have not the means or physiding a good feed, I have resolved to die. In order that my friends might not be wholly losers, ho wever, I desire that the sprice may be distributed as here set down. Then follows a list of the friends among whom he wished the va-rious parts of the service divided.

The Irony of Fate, Indeed. The other day at Brunn, the capital of Moravia, a journeyman baker and his sweetheart, determined to commit suicide together by drowning themselves in the Scwarza The young man was out of work and saw no prospects of being able to get married. couple carried out their fatal resolve and their bodies were found in the river. The pockets of the young man were searched and in them were found a florin and a lottery ticket. A few days afterward the drawing for the lottery took place, and that very ticket turned out to be the winner of 20,000 floring, or about \$10,000.

Suicide of a French Savant. Considerable sensation has been caused in scientific circles, says the London Chronicle's Paris correspondent, by the disclosure that Prof. Baillon, the eminent French botanist, who was supposed to have died from natural causes, committed suicide M. Baillon, like Seneca, bled himself to death in a bath. The friends of the deceased savant were advised not to publis hthe facts of the case, so as not to delay the religious



Very nearly a quarter of a century ago

was on terms of considerable intimacy with an officer of the English police, who at this hour fills a position of high trust at Scotland Yard. At the time of which I write he was a sergeant in the force of great provincial city; smart, alert, ambitious, and resolute to get on. He and 1 were in one or two big things together I had got wind of a gang of Russian forgers on one occasion, and was playing de tective on my own account, when the sergeant received instructions to watch the same gang. We met, understood each other and combined our forces. My silence as a journalist purchased his as an officer, and when at last we bagged our men we each had an "exclusive," We were engaged together in complying at the escape of as thoroughpaced a swindler as might have been found in the British dominions. There was a reason for this connivance which may some day make the story worth telling. lent the sergeant an informal aid and countenance in the capture of a desperate defrauder in his bedroom at the Queen's Hotel, and parrowly escaped being shot for my pains. When I went prowling about the slums of that great provincia city, as I did pretty often, the sergeant was my frequent companion, And when at last he gained his heart's desire and was promoted to London, I was the only person in whom he confided the fact that the audacious capture which secured his promotion was due to chance. I have never made notes of these mat

ters, and the names of the people concerned in this adventure have long since slipped my memory, but the facts are clear

In the year 1871, and long before and after, a manufacturing jeweler, in a large way of business, kept shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the right hand side as you go westward. The commoner kind of work was done at Birmingham; the better and nore valuable jewelry was the product of skilled hands employed in a small workshop in Clerkenwell. The private clientelle of the house was small, but the business transacted with "the trade" was probably as large as any in London. Only one commertleman, a man of exemplary character and



He Met an Old Friend

charming manners, a linguist, a musician ajudge of pictures, a painter an amateur, and a finished expert in precious stones. He had been seventeen years in the same service, and his employer's trust in him was absolute. He drew a liberal commission, kept his own little family in solid comfort at his Brixton home, was a pillar of his synagogue, a pearl among cor cial travelers and deservedly respected. I never saw this gentleman, but I can draw his portrait, and before I close this story I will tell you why. He had large dark eyes, which shone out of a sort of velvety dull softness, as a black heart cherry shines when dew or rain is on it. He had a wellshaped aquilioe nose and an olive skin. His lips were shapely, but redder and fuller than is common with men of Western type. He were his hair cut short, and his beard was trimmed Vandyke fashion. The notable thing about him was that hair; eyebrows and beard were of a deep raddy as burn, a color handsome in itself, but a little stariling and bizarre in a man of his com-

In the year 1870, whilst the sergeant and I, unwitting of this gentleman's existence, were hanging on the skirts of the Russian forgers, the commercial traveler had submitted a scheme to his employer. He had employed his taste and leisure in the preparation of a number of designs for brooches, bracelets, rings tiaras, neck-lets and pendants, and he had designed and drawn with beautiful delicacy, a case in which to display them. He estimated the cost of the preparation of this tray at about 20,000 sterning pounds, and his proposal was that the real tray to be mnaufactured from his designs should be kept in the show case at St. Paul's Churchyard whilst be should carry around with him a tray of paste and prachbeck is illustration of style and color.

Both trays were made. The real thing rent into the showcase, and the bogus ar ticel went on tour. The real tray was paragraphed in the London and provincial newspapers, hundreds of fashionable people went to see it, orders came in briskly The new designs became a fashion, and the clever little Hebrew gentleman made so good a thing of his liberal commission that he was more than paid for all his trouble. His employer was of course eminently satisfied on his own account, but by-and-by lisaster crept upon him,

The traveler made four fourneys a year. overing the three kingdoms on each expedition. He had started on the third round since the completion of the two trays, when the jeweler by a chance examination of his treasure discovered that he was in posession of the imitations, and that his servant had by some queer blunder walked off with the real thing. To an unlearned eye the mimic jewels were exactly like ereal, but an expert was not to be deceived for an instant. The two trays had been set for comparison side by side outside the show case, and the traveler had made an accidental exchange. It was a little surprising, but it excited no suspicion. The Jew eler sent a special messenger down to Brixton with a note of explanation, and the special messenger came back to say that the gentleman had gone to Birmingham, and the jeweler went to his home in the suburbs quite contented and at ease

When a servant has been faithful for eventeen years in things big and little. when he has had hundreds and hundreds of ousands of pounds pass through his hands and has never once been out in his accounts by a farthing, an honest man is not likely to grow mistrust from so small a seed a this. But when no answer came from Birmingham, when telegraphic inquiry elicited the fact that the traveler had not been to his customary hotel, when further in

Copyright by David Christle Murray, of at Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh Glasgow: when after four or five days his wife, for the first time since her mar riage, was ignorant of his whereabouts, then things began to grow uncomfortable and suspicion began to peer. Not at all in the direction of the dapper little Jewish gentleman. He was above suspicion, as the wife of Caesar should have been. Sev. not to be rewarded so. But it became clear



that some mischief had befallen him-there are hundreds of people in the world who would do nauder for the fiftieth part of such a booty as he carried. His employe went mournfully to the police and offeres a reward for the missing man's discovery. He was angry at the mere idea that one whom he had trusted so entirely, and whos faithfulness had stood the test so long , had at last deceived and robbed him. The honest neart would have no commerce with that fancy. No. The poor fellow had fallen iii, had tumbled into some aberration of the mind, of which the changing of the trays was the carliest sign, had been robbed, drugged, spirited away, nurdered The police accepted this view of the case

with courteous incredulity and planned and labored on their own lines. They net-worked the country through the telegraph they woke up every port in Great Britain and had every passenger list examined they haunted wayside stations and shadowed the great termini; they sent the news tingling to every country in Europe and to the United States. Every pawnbroker in Great Britain, every mon de piete in France, every dealer in pre cious metals everywhere had warning Then, as his own lucky star ordained. the sergeant was sent to London on proessional affairs. He called at Scotland Yard to pay a visit of respect to an old provincial superior of his own; partly because a little civility is never wasted "as you know Mr. Murray"-partly be cause he liked the gentleman in question and partly because "out of sight is out of mind with many people." The late pro-vincial superior was affable to the extent of a glass of whisky and a cigar; and, at their parting, he confided to the sergeunt's charge a packet of handbills , which set forth a portrait of the missing gentleman, a full description of his person and an inventory of the lost jowels. The ser-geant kept one of these for his own private reading, packed the rest in his handbag, and, having finished his business by noon on the day following, strolled down to Euston station in time for the 2 o'clock northern train.

On the way he enco friend, with whom he had a glass of whisky At the statics he encountered another old friend-one of the detectives on constant duty there-and with him he had anothe glass of whisky. The day was warm and heavy, the sergeant had been seeing in the Capital at the expense of his nightly



He Examined His Chin Minutely

of a second-class smoking compariment and five minutes before the train's ure he fell asleep. At Chalk Farm he was dimly aware that somebody got into the carriage and then he slept again. He was half way to Rugby before he awoke. His fellow-passenger was sented in the opposite corner at the far corner of the compartment, and the sergeant surveyed him uninterestedly, through scaropened eyelids. It was a Jewish gentle man of a neat and dapper aspect, with coal-black hair, eyebrows and mustache, and cheeks and chin clean shaven. He smoked a cigar, and read a railway novel but every now and then he seemed to a wake to a sudden interest in a hat-box, which was bestowed in the light luggage netting overhead, and at such moments he wo screw himself round and look upward, as If he had half-feared to find it spirited a way Now," said the sergeant in telling me the story, "it's a curious thing, but this s what set me to thinking. When I was a kid, and right on to when I left home my old motther never let me go to bed without reading a chapter out of the Bible to me. I never got a bit o' good out of it, as fur as I remember, but I never got no harm anyway. I hadn't thought of the words for the best par of fifteen years, but when that chap had looked at that hat-box maybe a dozen times, they came into my head, as plain as if a person had spoke 'em in m "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." And "what have you got there, my friend?" I says to myself:
"I wonder." By and bye the sergeant had mething else to wonder at. The Jewish gentleman drew off a well-fitting glove of tan-colored dog-skin, and began to finger his cheeks and chin with a very

cast of auxiety, and he drew from his breast pocket a small morocco case which come taised a comb and mirror. He combed his moustache and acrutinized it with extraordinary care. He combed the hair on his forehead and temples and scrutinized that with extraordinary care. Then he combed his thick, black eyebrows, and peered at them into the mirror as closely as if he had been examining them through a microscope. Next he examined his chin minutely and seemed disastisfied.

Once or twice he looked at the sergeant, who lay with his legs stretched out, and the merest hair's breadth sut of watchrift eye quite veiled by the eyemsh. And, occupied earnestly as he was in these ngular details, the dapper Jewish genleman never forgot the hat-box for much

ore than half a minute at a time.
"Where the treasure is," said the ferreant, with his heart beating like a hammer at his ribs. For he had begun to think what an uncommonly close shave a darks halred gentleman like that must have taken, to be sore, to have no sign at all of a board on cheek or chin. "For a man as is naturally black," said the observant sergeant, "gets blue with close shaving. don't you notice, sir? and this climp wasn't a bit bluer on the chin than he was on the

bridge of the nose. Dyed his hair—he had. A and light a pipe and assume a brisk interest in the landscape. It occurred to him further to cross to the other end of the comparts ment for a better view of the landscape on that side. He ventured to remark that It was a pretty country and that the young wheat was looking well.

Then he sauntered back to his own cor-ner and made believe to doze again-with his heart beating more and more like a hammer at his ribs, until he wondered that the other man didn't seem to bear it. For at that nearer view he had seen what he had fully expected to see-an auburn rime on cheek and chin, namely and a touch of auburn at the roots of the carefully penciled eyelishes. And all the while he was thinking, so he told me; "What a stroke of lock! And here's my step at last." And yet he had no authority to act, and to arrest a man on such a mere suspicion, and without authority, was a dangerous thing to do. The sergeant was mightily tumbled up and lown in his mind, and knew not what

They came to Rugby, and the gentle in got out and ordered a glass of milk and soda at the refreshment bar. Be-fore it was served he bolted back to the train and secured his hat-box, "Now is be going to slip off here?" asked the sergeant within doors, "and if he is, what's my game?" The gentleman went back to the carriage, however, in due season, and the sergeant followed. At Birmingham they both alighted, and the gentleman went to the Queen's Hotel. tered a bedroom there, and carried his han box upstairs with his own hands, a porter following with a portmaneau. In half an hour he came down again, passed into Stevenson Square and on into New

street. The sergeant took his courage into both mis, and went to the manager. A Jewish gentleman with a black moustache had taken such and such a number? Yest "That," said the sergeant, producing his hand-bill "as the man." The manager stared, and then laughed. No, he knew that man. He was a red-haired fellow with a red beard and moustache. "Shaved and dyed" said the sergeant. "Begad," said the manager, "I believe you're right."
You'know me?" says the sergeant. "Yes," says the manager naming him. "Very well. I take all the responsibility of that move. That man has the stolen sewels in his hat-box. Let me into his room and we'll 002 Eee. 18

"It was a common lock to the hat-box," and the sergeant, concluding his stori in great excitement. "I berged a hair pin from a chambermaid-one o' them thick, strong hair pins, and the trick was done in a minute. There was the violet-velvet liming of the jewel case, all carn out loose and rolled into a bundle, and naide if was the whole twenty-thousa pounds' worth. And while we was as staring at each other, like a pair of stick pas. back comes his Nibs, sees me a kneek ng over the open bar-box, waspe out a evolver, and knocks a hole clean throngs wo sides of my new silk but and ruins in Twelve-and-six it cost me, and brance new out of Hyam's shop only the weel fore. It was nip-and-tuck then for a sinute, but we got him down, and I had em on his wrists in a jiffy. Seven ears he got at the Old Bailey, and precty cheap at that. Five hundred pounds re-ward is a good deal to a poor man like mey but a London chance is more, and that slice o' luck brought both.

"That's his Nibs' portrait, that theen big colored photograph over the mantel His misses sold up the little house at Brixton, and I bought that at the sale for a reminder of him.

Buried. We stand upon the churchyard sod and gaza Into the grave of our beloved dend; We hear the solemn words of prayer and praise; We mark the yew-trees waving overhead; We see the sunshine flicker on the grass. The green grass of the graves—and daises white: Adown the lane the village children pass; And slyly pause to watch the holy rite op in the earth upon the coffin lid Lies the last gift despairing love could make. White scented blossoms that soon must be bid

> With all we loved, from eyes and hearts that ache. Love, strong as life, was powerlers to save We can but strew fresh flowers upon the

Yet in this grave, tear-moistened and news made, Where we must leave the happiness of years, May not a worthler sacrifice be laid

Than even our fairest flowers or wildes! If we should bury with the pure white

A cherished folly or a secret stu, It might make holler the silent tomb, Deepen the peace the dend less folded ful

Oh, mute, cold gravel that doth receive our And with our lost the offerings of our

Take these things also; we do not count the And God in Heaven doth, looking down, approve.

Sleep, darling, sleep; pray God that dies with thee Which might have parted us eternally!

All the Year Round. Misunderstood. "Will you love me when I am gone?" asked Mr. Linger Longer of his sweetheart, "If you'll go soon," replied the faithe

ful girl, with a yawn-Exchange. Yes, Indeed. "You will notice that I have you on the tring," said the boy to the kite. "Yes," answered the kite. "And that's

mal From the Garden of Eden. Adam-I have got to go out for awhile to-night, Eve, and if I find that snake hange

what makes me soar."-Indianapolis Jour

ing around when I come back I'll get a Eve-There's one thing you can't do

Adam-What's that? Eve-You can't send me back to my